1887

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

"Free land and free money make free men," says the "Journal of the Knights of Labor." Is that the reason why the "Journal" opposes them?

In an article in "McClure's Magazine" E. P. Mitchell gives the public a new conception of Charles A. Dana. It appears that Dana "hates a sham." I had not been in the habit of thinking of the editor of the "Sun" as devoid of *amour propre*.

How utterly the New York "Sun" has lost its influence upon opinion is seen in the fact that Tammany did not hesitate to nominate as its candidate for the New York mayoralty a man whose election the "Sun," which outdoes all other journals in unscrupulous loyalty to Tammany, was sure to oppose. Tammany has found out that Dana is powerless for help or hindrance. The thief is discredited even in his own brotherhood.

"During my long term of office," said Recorder Smyth, in accepting his renomination, "in which I have decided thousands of criminal cases, I never had any man who is called a politician approach me and ask me to do what my conscience and my sense of duty would prevent my doing." This remark, taken in connection with the Recorder's record, is ample proof that his conscience and his sense of duty allow him to do whatever the people called politicians ask him to do.

One of the latest developments of the Lexow Committee's investigation of Tammany methods is the statement of a witness, John Johnson, that, when he was in the Jefferson Market prison, one of the keepers, Michael Leach, urged him to employ as counsel the firm of Pentecost & Gatling, and that upon his refusal to do so the keeper indulged in much profanity. The keeper in question, being placed upon the stand, said that he had recommended no attorneys, but, when asked if he would swear to this, said that he would not. Finally he admitted that it was generally understood in all the city prisons that certain lawyers had access to prisoners and divided their fees with the keepers who granted them such access.
H. O. P., you are indeed a daisy!

There is another radical play on Gotham boards just now. At Palmer's Theatre the lesson of disobedience to unjust law is being taught and applauded nightly. The title of the play is "The Transgressor." It is written by Mr. A. W. Gattie of England, a gentleman who is well known to English individualists and who has long been a reader of Liberty. The newspaper critics, with their usual combination of idiocy and malevolence, have done their best to tear the play to pieces, but on the night when I witnessed the performance the audience seemed to like it nearly as well as I did, and applauded the star, Miss Olga Nethersole, with an earnestness and vigor that seemed to be proportional to the intensity of her efforts to bring the holy marriage institution into disrepute.

Arthur Kitson's "Criticism of Henry George's Single Tax Theory" in the October number of the "American Journal of Politics" is well worth reading. Besides giving some of the old arguments against the Single Tax, Mr. Kitson exposes some damaging inconsistencies in Mr. George's defence of the same which I have never seen pointed out before. Chief among these is the contradiction between Mr. George's statement, oft-repeated when he is denouncing the landlords, that the rent which they take is the product of the laborer and that their act is therefore robbery, and his other statement, repeated as often when he is defending the landlord-State, that the single tax, which he calls the confiscation of rent, takes the product, not of the laborer, but of the community, which may therefore rightfully seize it. In other words, Mr. George makes an antithetical distinction between two things which he declares to be identical. The theory on which the Single Tax is based — that the wealth covered by the term economic rent is not the product of the laborer — is one of the absurdest that it is possible to entertain. Look at it for a moment. Suppose that the earth consists of three grades of land, A, B, and C, — a given area of A yielding 500 bushels of wheat, the same area of B yielding 750 bushels, and the same area of C yielding 1,000 bushels. According to the Single Tax theory, the product of the laborer, whether on A, B, or C, if all are under cultivation, is 500 bushels, — that is to say, the laborer who extracts 750 bushels from B produces only 500 bushels, which amount represents as well the product of the laborer who extracts 1,000 bushels from C. Now suppose further that some convulsion of the earth's surface should bury the land A under water, leaving only B and C for cultivation. Straightway, according to the Single Tax theory, the product of the laborer on the land B, which under the new conditions is the poorest land available for cultivation, becomes 750 bushels, the full amount which he extracts, whereas before it was only 500 bushels, or two-thirds of the amount extracted. And yet the land B is the same land that it was before, the man who labors upon it is the same man that he was before, the amount of labor expended is the same as before, and the result in wheat is the same as before. How absurd, then, to deny that the laborer's product is the same as before! And yet upon this denial the Single Tax theory rests. For, if it once be admitted that the 750 bushels yielded by B is as truly the product of the laborer as the 500 bushels yielded by A, then the Single Taxer comes face to face with Mr. George's statement that "that which a man makes or produces is his own as against all the world, and no one else can rightfully claim it." Whereupon he is forced to the conclusion that whoever claims and takes it, whether the private landlord who calls it rent or the landlord-State which calls it tax, is a robber.

An excellent answer to those who fancy that libertarian propagandism is hampered by the adoption of the name Anarchism is found in the appearance in so important a publication as the "New Review" of Wordsworth Donisthorpe's article, "In Defence of Anarchy," reprinted in full in this number of Liberty. This article, which is a bold presentation of the platform of real Anarchism, probably never would have been sought or accepted by the "New Review" but for the fact that the propaganda by deed carried on by the so-called Communist-Anarchists had made Anarchism a timely topic for the magazines. A similar article, teaching the same lesson but couched in the terminology of Individualism, would be rejected by a popular magazine ninety-nine times in a hundred, unless it were from the pen of a man like Herbert Spencer, whose name has a commercial value. The thanks of all Anarchists are due to Mr. Donisthorpe for his brave and intelligent championship of their cause. On one point, however, he is certainly in error. He cannot be familiar with the writings of the Communists; otherwise he would not declare them upholders of property. Here he has laid himself open to attack in a way of which the so-called "Liberty Review" has been quick to take advantage. Perhaps he has been misled by some such false assertion as that of Jean Grave, — "my communism is that of Proudhon." But if he will read the chapter entitled "Expropriation" in Kropotkine's "Words of a Rebel," he will see that Kropotkine's assertion that property is robbery has a meaning precisely opposite to that given to the same words by Proudhon, and never again will he challenge Auberon Herbert to "point out a single living [Communist-] Anarchist who denounces property as theft."

Liberty.

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NEW YORK, N. Y., OCTOBER 20, 1894.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Problems in Political Mechanics.

Once there was a country where the people elected Congresses. Somebody said the bosses elected them; but of course he was a fool. Call it the people.

And in that country the issue of money was entirely controlled by these Congresses. Nobody ever disputed that.

At least once in twenty years, on the average, there was a Congress in which the relations of corruption, stupidity, and carelessness were such that powerful schemers could, if they chose to do their best, pass bills manipulating the issue of money for private profit, against the interests of the people. Somebody asked if "once in twenty years" wasn't rather a mild statement; but of course he was a fool. Call it one unreliable one in twenty years.

When a bad law was passed, it was likely to take at least five years to rouse the mass of the people to demand its correction. Somebody wanted to know whether the people had unflinchingly demanded a sound and radical reform once in fifty years since that government was founded; but of course he was a fool. Call it five years to thoroughly rouse the majority of those twelve million voters, and to make them understand and agree on the true reform to be had.

When the people were well awake, it was apt to take at least five years for the popular movement to get full control of Congress, partly because of the constitution of the senate of that country, and partly because of the party machines. Somebody wanted a list of the cases when it had been done in so short a time; but of course he was a fool. Call it five years.

When the supposed representatives of reform had a majority in Congress, it sometimes took five years to pass the reform on account of the filibustering, log-rolling, etc., of its opponents, and skilfully contrived popular reactions, real or apparent. Somebody inquired whether the Democratic platform of 1892 would be put in effect by 1897; but of course he was a fool. Call it five years.

When a reform was enacted, it often took as much as five years for business to adjust itself to the new condition, and then to recover from its past sufferings. Somebody said he knew a city which hadn't yet reached the point it would have reached but for the panic of '73; but of course he was a fool. Call it five years to restore complete prosperity.

Thus we understand that once in twenty years there was likely to be a Congress that would derange the national currency if a very profitable speculation could be made thereby; that, when such a thing was done, it would not improbably take five years to rouse a popular demand for reform, five years more to get a congressional majority representing that demand, five years more to get a thoroughly effective law enacted, and five years more to recover business prosperity. Now there was in that country a wise man, who knew just what currency was best for the nation, and he set out to get the currency thoroughly and permanently reformed, but without taking it out of the hands of Congress. Problems:

I. How long did it take him, while leaving the currency under congressional control, to establish it on a basis of perfect justice and unshakable stability?

II. From the time he began his work to the time of his final triumph, how many men of the Jay Gould stamp starved to death for want of a chance to swindle the public?

III. When a man came along proposing that the function of regulating money be taken from Congress and left to the stable and impartial laws of trade, how long did it take those people to shut him up in an insane asylum?

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

Reds We Remain.

It is with some astonishment that I find a number of plumb-liners are in favor of J. W. Lloyd's suggestion to adopt a white flag for our emblem. Philosophic Anarchists seldom have occasion to use any flag at all. We are not engaged in a "united army for reform," or any other whoop and hurrah Salvation Army movement, where we can flaunt our ace of hearts before the gaze of an admiring crowd of "earnest searchers after truth." The object-lesson to be gained from a flag that is so seldom unfurled is liable to be small indeed. Should we need a flag, let us use the red one. The same arguments which lead us to retain our name deter us from changing our flag. We are still Socialists, fighting the battle of the proletariat. Let us continue, then, if any flag is necessary, to fly the colors under which its battles have been fought and won for thousands of years, instead of changing to the color of aristocracy.

The name "White-flag Anarchists" might serve to distinguish us from the revolutionists, were not that distinction made far more effectually by the use of the term Philosophic Anarchists. It is as easy to use one term as the other, but the latter is far clearer, more descriptive, and less symbolical than the former. I do not believe in the courage myth at all, but the ordinary man does, and the white flag is invariably associated in his mind with cowardice and surrender, or else with virginity and moral purity. It would take long to explain away these false conceptions if once they gained ground, but the term "philosophic" explains itself. Besides, many who have considered the words philosophy and Anarchism to be diametrically opposed are led to inquire how they can be reconciled when they first hear them used in conjunction. It is bad enough to be confused with the revolutionists, but even that is better than to be confounded with the non-resistants and the white-ribbon corps of the W. C. T. U.

F. D. T.

Startling Financial Heresies.

The monopolistic "Evening Post" publishes a banker's appeal for financial reform along the lines of greater freedom, and seconds the appeal in the following editorial, significant for its explicit statement and still more significant for its implications and unconscious admissions:

Truth has its innings at last. This fact seems to be approaching a realization so far as the bank question is concerned. Increasing attention has been given to it since the Sherman silver act was repealed. There was a debate of a week's duration on the subject in the House last June, and now there are stirrings among bankers which imply that they will not keep silent much longer. They may not at first agree among themselves as to what should be done, but at all events they will have their say. The greenbackers and silverites will not have a moropoly of the talk any longer.

The bank question, in its simplest terms, is this: In what way can bank-notes be issued with safety to the note holders, in volume adequate at all times to the wants of business, and not in excess thereof? The phrase "wants of business" means the exchanges of the country, or rather that part of the exchanges which is not carried on by bank checks exclusively. To take a very common illustration, the wheat crop or the cotton crop comes in at a particular time of the year. When it gets into the cities and the warehouses or on shipboard, it can be handled by means of bank checks, but, while it is still in possession of the producers or country buyers, it cannot be so handled. Here we must have currency. Last year furnished a crucial test of this proposition. It was a year of panic. Currency could not be had. The distress in the agricultural districts was unprecedented. All sorts of devices were resorted to for the supply of a circulating medium, such as small clearing-house certificates, small checks of well-known men, tickets of manufacturing companies, etc., — all of which were in conflict with law, but were indispensable. These devices answered the needs of the hour in a very clumsy and unsatisfactory way.

If it had been possible then for the national banks to issue their notes without putting up bond security, this particular pinch could have been avoided. The notes would have gone out in exchange for actual property, — to wit, wheat and cotton; no speculation, no kiteflying there. The notes would have been as well secured as by government bonds, while the promptitude of their issue, as contrasted with the slowness of the present system, would have made them the boon instead of the bane of the crop-moving season. It is evident that what we need to make an elastic currency of this kind is not security deposited at Washington, but *good banking*. If you can make sure that the mercantile paper which the bank takes in exchange for its circulating notes is good, and not squandered or stolen, then the bank notes are just as good as though they were secured by government bonds; now it can be easily ascertained by the experience of thirty years what proportion of banks will fail and what proportion of bank notes will need to be redeemed without waiting for the windup of a receivership. This can be determined with as much accuracy as the average mortality of human beings. It is only necessary, therefore, to require a sum of ready money from all the participating banks equal to this average mortality, and at the same time to keep as good governmental inspection as we now have, in order to dispense with bond security and have all the currency that is needed at all times, and to have it just when and where it is needed.

Yes, truth has its innings at last. Here is the monopolistic "Evening Post" actually endorsing Anarchistic views of currency! For years it has been ridiculing the position of those

who taught that it was possible to have a safe currency based on other commodities than gold, and denouncing as cranks and ignoramuses those who urged the need of an elastic currency and who maintained that the country was suffering from want of a sufficient volume of safe and good money. Now, without formally recanting its theories of yesterday, it boldly espouses the heresy of a currency based on wheat and cotton, and admits that the bond-security requirement is a clog and hindrance to industrial movement and growth. When we reflect that the "Post" has repeatedly and emphatically protested against the legal tender laws and the notion that it is the proper function of government to furnish the people with currency, we see how short the step is which the "Post" has to take in order to become a full-fledged advocate of Anarchistic finance.

But are wheat and cotton the only kinds of property upon which currency can be safely issued? There are clearly hundreds of other commodities fully as safe as these, and there is no ground whatever for discriminating against them. Another question which occurs to the mind is why the owners of these commodities, instead of getting circulating notes from the banks and paying heavily for the accommodation, could not organize a mutual bank which should issue such notes to its members without interest charges.

It does not seem to have dawned upon the "Post" that the admission that currency can be based upon property and merchandise logically involves the surrender of the gold basis. The promise to redeem in gold, false and impossible under the present currency famine, would evidently become a transparent fraud and sham under such an improved financial system as the "Post" advocates. Why not abandon the hollow pretence and adopt the policy of redemption in products? This would require organization and coöperative mutual banking, but the practicability of such action must be plain to all men of business experience who know what private enterprise has already accomplished in finance in the face of legal prohibitions.

So few of those who discuss the question know or suspect the difference between a "gold basis" and a "gold standard" that it is entirely safe to assume that the devotion to the former is largely due to its ignorant identification with the latter. Convince men that the gold standard is not in the least dependent on the gold basis, that it might and would be retained under the system of property basis, and the opposition to reform would die out. Y.

Auberon Herbert and Anarchism.

Auberon Herbert fancies that he is not an Anarchist because he believes in voluntary association for purposes of defence. In an excellent letter to "Free Life" Wordsworth Donisthorpe points out the absurdity of Mr. Herbert's disclaimer. He tells Mr. Herbert what Mr. Herbert has no excuse for not knowing before, — that the Anarchists believe in such association for defence quite as thoroughly as himself, the only difference being that Mr. Herbert persists in calling it the State while the Anarchists deny that this name can properly be applied to a purely defensive institution. And regarding this difference of terminology Mr. Donisthorpe declares himself with the Anarchists in the following sentence: "It seems to me that you are straining the English language when you call such a voluntary association a State, which is in its very nature an outside despotism, benevolent or otherwise, whereby the will of one or of a few or of a majority is imposed upon dissentients or non-unionists."

Mr. Herbert labors hard to answer this, and a pretty mess he makes of it. He begins thus: "The question between us is whether or no there is on grounds of principle a rightful existence for the State. By the State I mean a common machinery with the acknowledged right of using force to defend individual rights." Here is an utter misconception at the start. This is not at all the question between Mr. Herbert and the Anarchists. The Anarchists do not deny, but expressly affirm, the rightful existence of the common machinery here described; hence this cannot be in question between them and Mr. Herbert.

The questions really at issue are two in number: first, whether Mr. Herbert is right in supposing that the Anarchists deny the rightful existence of common defensive machinery, and in disclaiming the name Anarchist on this ground; second, whether this common defensive machinery can properly be called the State.

Of this second question Mr. Herbert says nothing whatever except that a common defensive machinery "may be conveniently christened the State." Very well: terminology is not a vital matter. We may promptly concede that, granting Mr. Herbert's definition of the word State, he is a believer in that institution; but none the less is he an Anarchist, for it remains as true as before that he does not believe in what the Anarchists call the State, — in Mr. Donisthorpe's words, an outside despotism imposing its will upon dissentients.

Regarding the first question Mr. Herbert is equally silent; but, assuming the point at issue, he elaborately proves to the Anarchists that they are wrong in denying what they have never denied, — namely, that the individual has a right to defend himself and to delegate such defence to others. This demonstration he solemnly supplements with a several-column endeavor to show that the individual who does not delegate his defence will be continually in hot water, and that there is a "great moral pressure" upon the individual to coöperate with others for protection. Very well, again; if this moral pressure exists, it will do its work, and neither Mr. Herbert nor the Anarchists need concern themselves about it.

If Mr. Herbert does not propose to back this moral pressure by a legal pressure, he is an Anarchist; on the other hand, the moment that he should so propose, he would be neither an Anarchist nor a Voluntaryist (as he calls himself), and the voluntary taxation which he champions would become a contemptible sham. T.

The letter of S. H. Randall to the "Cincinnatian," reprinted in another column, wherein that gentleman gives an account of his refusal to do jury duty under existing conditions, is significant of the hold which the principle of liberty is gradually obtaining upon intelligent men. Mr. Randall has long been a subscriber to Liberty, and the editor of the "Cincinnatian" declares that he is "the peer in intelligence, in honesty of purpose, and in sterling integrity of character of any man who was ever summoned to act as a juror. He is a successful business man of Cincinnati, a man of unusual education, a college mate of Judge Ferris," the presiding judge. Propagandism by deed is sometimes foolish, sometimes ferocious; but, as practised by Mr. Randall, it is judicious, peaceable, and effective. It must not be inferred, however, that I endorse all of Mr. Randall's grounds for refusing to act as a juror. The absolute principle of non-resistance to evil, which he seems to inculcate, would prevent him from doing jury duty even where the State had been superseded by voluntary defensive associations. Here I cannot go with Mr. Randall. Kindness is undoubtedly a good thing, but prudence and sense are good things also. When I am told that it is my duty to love, I find the statement incomprehensible. To love everybody and everything deprives love of all its value and significance. I do not wish to be needlessly cruel to aggressors, but I cannot love them. To the professions of universal love made by Jesus and Tolstoi I prefer the blunt declaration of old Ben Butler: "I fear no man, and love but few."

Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps.

The Secretary wants every reader of Liberty to send in his name for enrolment. Those who do so thereby pledge themselves to write, when possible, a letter every fortnight, on Anarchism or kindred subjects, to the "target" assigned in Liberty for that fortnight. All, whether members or not, are asked to lose no opportunity of informing the secretary of suitable targets. Address, STEPHEN T. BYINGTON, 38 Council Hall, Oberlin, Ohio.

Those whose targets are allowed to wait a week or two need not infer that theirs are least valued. It sometimes happens that a target of less importance seems more in need of immediate attention.

Those who send targets should, if possible, tell me what attitude the target takes on such questions as we deal with, as well as sending me the utterances or circumstances which are to form the occasion for writing. But writers who are inconvenienced by the lack of such information should remember that we sometimes find a target that seems unquestionably good, while yet this important information is altogether lacking. In such a case we have to shoot in the dark as well as we can.

Target, section A. — The "Commercial Advertiser," 29 Park row, New York, had last month a signed article, headed "Anarchy and Its Leaders," which classes among Anarchists "Bernard Shaw and the Fabian reformers who preach a militant Socialism." The writer gives a definition which he professes to have received from Kropotkine, that "Anarchy is absolute individualism," and another from Louise Michel, that "Anarchy is a recognition of the fact that all force is a crime." For himself he complains that Anarchists never make a clear and comprehensible statement of their demands.

Section B. — The "Examiner," San Francisco, had on September 24 a symposium by five prominent business men on "Bribe-Giving and Bribe-Taking," *à propos* of recent San Francisco transgirings, in which it was said that business cannot be done there on a large scale without paying tribute to the supervisors. One would hang bribers and bribed by lynch law; another would hang bribe-takers by State law; two would elect better officers; one says that his experience proves that a man who squarely refuses to pay any blackmail "will soon be let alone."

Section C. — Kate Field, Washington, D. C., has, in a newspaper letter, declared herself against the A. P. A., saying: "The life of the nation is in danger, not from Roman Catholics, whose Church teaches respect for law and property, but from imported and home-made Anarchists. . . . . Shoulder to shoulder let patriots of all creeds and no creeds unite in waging war against the red flag and its mad army."

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

"The garden of the boss is full of ironical plants, of unexpected flowers; and by no means its slightest charm is this subversion of the natural order, whereby appear at the end of stems and branches fruit just the opposite of that which is promised by the essence of the tree or bush. The apple-tree bears figs, and the cherry-tree medlars; violet-plants yield sweet potatoes, and hollyhocks salsify. It is delicious." —SÉVERINE.

The Beauties of Government.

☞ *The readers of Liberty are urgently invited to contribute to this department. It is open to any statement of facts which exhibit the State in any phase of its fourfold capacity of fool, meddler, knave, and tyrant. Either original accounts based upon the writer's own knowledge, or apparently reliable accounts clipped from recent publications, are welcome.*

AN INFANT LEARNING TO WALK.
[New York Sun.]

TOPEKA, KAN., Oct. 13. — The Republican State Central Committee today made public the affidavit of T. L. Dixon and his wife, superintendent and matron of the State Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Olathe, in which Mrs. Mary Lease, who was president of the State Board of Charities, is accused of advising them to steal from the State and give her some of the stealings. They also charge that the Board appropriated sufficient money to defray the expenses of its members to the World's Fair. After telling how Mrs. Lease volunteered to obtain the places which they afterward secured, Dixon and his wife say that on the evening on which they were installed Mrs. Lease called upon them and said:

"Now, Judge, you have a chance to make money. Now pay yourself from the income of the institution, and charge it to maintenance and repairs of the institution. All you will have to do will be to make your books agree with the amount you take."

The answer was, according to the affidavit:

"I can't do that; I never had that kind of a record."

Mrs. Lease is then said to have remarked:

"You let about $20,000 go by you when you were police judge of Wichita. Now, you take care of yourself. Don't be foolish. They are all doing it, from the Governor down; no worse for you than others."

Dixon's affidavit then says:

"The next time she approached me in the matter she told me to take enough money to buy me a farm, but not omit enough to buy her a farm. I then repeated my former answer that I could not do that.

"Then she went into a statement as to what the Board of Charities did after they concluded their work over the State. All of them wanted to go to the World's Fair and did not want to use their own money. They decided that it would take $60 each to take the round trip and board them.

"She said they ordered the steward to make up a voucher for maintenance and repairs, and the Board allowed it, drew the money, and went to the Fair. This, she said, was done at the insane asylum, Topeka. She affirmed that I could do the same way in this case, all of which we notified the Governor in due time, but he ignored our statement."

[Is Mrs. E. B. Dietrick ready to graduate Mrs. Lease from the pedestrian kindergarten? The rapid strides of the women and the Populists herald the dawn of purity in politics.]

THE PEOPLE MUST PAY FOR THEIR SERVANTS' ERRORS.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I send you the following correspondence as being possibly available in the department illustrating the blundering capacity of the government.

No. 113,508.
POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF FOREIGN MAILS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1894.

Miss Belle S. Pritchett:

MADAM, — Referring to your inquiry by postal card, dated the 7th instant, and which is herewith returned in compliance with your request, relative to charges collected on delivery in Ireland of the largest size United States one-cent postal cards which were mailed in this country with an adhesive one-cent United States postage stamp affixed thereto, I have to inform you that the cards in question were issued for circulation only in the domestic mails of the United States; and, as they exceed the limits of size prescribed for post-cards in the mails exchanged between countries of the Universal Postal Union, they are not transmissible in said mails as post-cards and can be admitted to said mails only as *letters*.

The fact that the cards referred to exceed in size the limits prescribed for post-cards in Postal Union mails escaped the attention of this department until the matter was brought to its notice, whereupon United States postmasters were notified that the cards in question were unmailable to foreign countries except as *letters*, as you will see by reference to the notice on page 11 of the "United States Official Postal Guide" for the month of December last, which may be consulted at your post office.

In this connection, attention is invited to paragraph 23, on page 25 of the enclosed copy of the "United States Official Postal Guide" for the month of February last, from which it will be seen that the only United States postal cards prepaid two cents which are required to be treated as *letters* in international mails are those of the largest size (size "C").

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
A. M. BROOKS,
Superintendent of Foreign Mails.

To this letter, which concerned post-cards mailed from the United States to me in Ireland, I made the following response:

SIR, — *In re* 113,508, I am the victim who has the pleasure of paying six cents on your large-sized postal cards. The consummate and unapproachable imbecility of your department costs me only a dollar or so each month. None of your postmasters are aware of the regulations you state. The more I come in contact with your methods of robbing the free-born American citizen at home and abroad, that much more does my respect for pocket-picking increase. You fellows at Washington ought to join a gang of highwaymen and become respectable. Believe me, as long as you persist in the work of a road agent and decline to assume the usual risks of the trade, your cowardice will challenge and receive the contempt of all honest men. Yours, J. B. BARNHILL.

None of the postmasters in the United States seem to be aware of the facts stated, so that I pay out a shilling or so every week on these cards. Now and then, however, the British postal asses are also ignorant of the law, and at such times I escape being mulcted. I pay six cents on every large-sized United States card, although it has a one cent stamp on it, — that is, I do this when the British government knows the law.

Yours, J. B. BARNHILL.

[A private postal company, having been unfortunate enough to make such a blunder, would never think of imposing the cost thereof upon its patrons; it would take upon itself the burden of its own errors. But how can the State be expected to do this? It is a loafer and a parasite, produces nothing, and of course cannot pay its bills. All that it has it steals.]

ONE YEAR FOR LAUGHING.
[Boston Globe.]

LAWRENCE, MASS., Oct. 12. — The severest sentence which has been given so far in the present term of the superior criminal court was imposed today when Thomas Gannon was sent to State prison for five years. Gannon was found guilty of robbery of a small sum of money from Thomas Cole in Haverhill. The evidence showed that Gannon assaulted Cole while the latter was under the influence of liquor, rendering him unconscious. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and Judge Lilley sentenced Gannon to four years in the State prison. Gannon received the sentence with a laugh, whereupon the court added a year to the original sentence.

[Though Massachusetts law clearly provides that robbers shall go to jail, it has not hitherto required them to grieve over their fate. The question now arises: If Gannon, after receiving the additional sentence, had laughed again and received another year, and then had laughed a third time and received still another year; and if this had gone on until the maximum penalty which the law provides for robbery had been imposed upon this merry criminal without any perceptible effect upon his good humor, — what, under these perplexing circumstances, would the court have done about it? When one reflects that such a situation is liable to present itself at any moment in our halls of justice, he begins to realize by what a slender thread our civilization hangs. Society will never be safe as long as the individual may laugh with impunity. At the next session of the Massachusetts Great and General Court provision must be made for meeting the emergency which Gannon's case foreshadows.]

MUNICIPAL PLUNDER.
[New York Evening Post.]

The small cities have their problems of municipal government as well as the large ones. Rutland, Vt., is a place of only about 12,000 inhabitants, but the "Herald" of that city says that it "cannot point the finger of scorn at New York in the matter of municipal government." A trunk sewer is now in process of construction, one hundred men being at work on the job, and it is charged that they do not accomplish as much as would be expected from half the number in private employ. The description makes them out very much like a typical gang of Tammany laborers on the streets here, — "some of them old or half-disabled, others simply lazy loafers, in many cases lying down or sitting in wheelbarrows taking their ease," etc., etc. Moreover, this sewer construction is declared to be "of a piece with the general run of municipal work." In the construction of streets the appropriation is divided up "where it will do the aldermen the most good" before the street committee is appointed, and there is no efficient supervision of the work. The idea uppermost in all city work, according to the "Herald," is that "the city is not a thing to work for and serve honestly as an individual must be worked for and served — but a thing to be plundered"; and the result is heavy taxation, a constantly increasing debt, and a little badly done work to show for it. People usually think only of the great cities when they talk about the difficulties of good municipal government, but the experience of Rutland — and it is by no means exceptional — shows that the problem is a universal one.

[The Rutland "Herald" slightly misconceives the situation. The idea uppermost in city work is not that the city is "a thing to be plundered," but that the city is a machine by which to plunder. The city is not plundered; it plunders. It plunders the taxpayers, and gives the booty to the bosses.]

LABORERS ROBBED THAT LOAFERS MAY RACE.
[New York Sun, October 12.]

Greenville, N. J., has hundreds of houses which are larger, more comfortable, and of greater value than the Schlunds' home at Pearsall avenue and the Boulevard, but it represented to the owners the results of years of toil, and the father and mother, with their eight children, were happy in it. Now it is all to be swept away in order that other people may have a broad road on which to speed their horses.

A year ago a commission decided that the lot, fronting 104 feet on the Boulevard and 52 feet deep, together with the two-story and attic house, with an extension in the rear, was worth $2,250. Only the front part of the house was to be moved, but this, of course, made the remaining part worthless. Mrs. Schlund fought the case bitterly, and the Court of Chancery awarded her $2,750, which, with a year's interest, increased it to $2,900.42.

A similar commission awarded Joseph Able, who lives next door to the Schlunds, $3,500 for a vacant strip of land fronting 45 feet on the Boulevard, and it was not a corner lot, as is the case of the Schlunds. A property owner on the opposite side of Pearsall avenue received $5,500 for a bare strip of land with a frontage of 102 feet. John Edlestein, ex-president of the Board of Finance, W. C. Doubleday, a railroad official, and John Reed, ex-president of the Board of Education, made the award in the Schlund case.

Mrs. Barbara Schlund owned the house. Her husband, Joseph, is a mason. The house has a peaked roof. On the first floor are two rooms, with similar rooms on the second floor. The attic contained bedrooms. When the family grew large, an extension, which was used as a kitchen and a bedroom, was added. The house stands a little back from the sidewalk. Flowers grow in the front dooryard, and on each side are trees. Some time ago the house was painted white, with green for the shutters. Along the front was a piazza.

For a year the Schlunds fought their dispossessors in the courts. Every means, except to reconsider the

award, was tried to induce Mrs. Schlund to yield. When Constable Masher served the decree of the chancellor upon her, she threw it in his face and pitched him down the stairs. Finally Sheriff Toffey was ordered to begin dispossess proceedings. He tried peaceable means at first, and failed, of course.

Deputy Sheriff John J. Erwin was put at the head of five constables yesterday and told to assist Deputy Sheriff McCormack in dispossessing them. A load of implements used in moving houses was dumped on the street before the cottage. Two hours were given Mrs. Schlund in which to vacate. Her answer was to bar every door and window in the house and to lock the gate. All these proceedings were witnessed by a large crowd, who sympathized with the Schlunds. At 12.30 o'clock the deputy sheriffs were reënforced by Sheriff Toffey, his counsel, James Erwin, and Roundsman McIntyre, with six policemen and a patrol wagon. Constable Locke tore down the gate, and, while he was doing this, Roundsman McIntyre and Deputy Sheriff McCormack jumped the fence and hammered on the door for admittance. George Schlund, Mrs. Schlund's eldest son, opened it, and the officers forced their way into the hall. George ran up stairs, shouting to his sister to get his gun. He was captured and taken to the patrol wagon.

Mrs. Schlund, it is said, pointed a shotgun at McIntyre. She was disarmed and the dispossess warrant read to her. Stung by a sense of injustice and angered by the forcible entrance of her home, she loudly abused the representatives of the law. Her husband, the daughters, and the smaller children, who knew nothing of the cause, joined in her cries. Her son George fought the officers, endeavoring to reach his mother. Sheriff Toffey then called in the police to assist him.

Two policemen seized the woman. It was an unequal struggle. Several policemen restrained her husband, while the others held the daughters. Mrs. Schlund fought with desperation. Her arms were seized, and she was dragged toward the door. Falling on the floor before her, a seven-year-old daughter clasped her by the knees and sought to hold her back. The other children struck the officers with their puny hands. Schlund was quiet for the time being. His four-year-old son clung about his neck. Both wept.

Mrs. Schlund, who is an elderly woman, short and rather heavy, was dragged from the house to the patrol wagon. Her dress was torn from her. Schlund, finally arousing himself, fought when led out of the house, but not with the vehemence of his wife. The children refused to leave the parents. George tried to reënter the house, but was prevented. His sister tried to let him in at a window, but she was forcibly removed. Finally all the family were taken to Police Headquarters.

Sheriff Toffey called in Counsellor Rowe, and the home of the Schlunds was practically a thing of the past.

The Boulevard surveyors began to run a line; carpenters tore down the fence and steps and nailed up the windows; laborers began to remove parts of the foundation preparatory to moving the building. The house will be moved to one side, and the Boulevard, which is now nothing but a very badly graded and very muddy road, will be widened and paved.

On reaching the Gregory street police station Mr. and Mrs. Schlund and their six-year-old boy were escorted upstairs to the police court room. The other children were left below. Judge Potts, Sheriff Toffey, Chief Murphy, and John J. Erwin, Sheriff Toffey's legal adviser, were awaiting their arrival. Roundsman McIntyre detailed the circumstances of the arrest. He told how the officers were obliged to break into the house, and about the double-barrelled shotgun which, he said, was pointed at him by Mrs. Schlund. Sheriff Toffey told the story of his connection with the case. He had received a writ of ejectment, and through his deputies had made several attempts to serve it, but the deputies had been driven away by Mrs. Schlund's threats to shoot the first man who attempted to encroach on her property. Finally he was forced to make a complaint against the Schlunds of resisting him in the discharge of his duty. He called on Chief Murphy for assistance, because a policeman in uniform has more effect than half a dozen deputy sheriffs.

Justice Potts, addressing Schlund, said that he was charged with knowingly and wilfully resisting the sheriff in the execution of a writ.

"Whatever your grievance may be," said the judge, "it is a violation of the law to resist the sheriff in the performance of his duty. You may have been wronged, but your proper method of getting redress is by an appeal to the courts. Your property was condemned by commissioners duly appointed by the court for that purpose. You appealed from the award, as I understand it, and the court increased it. The increase was not satisfactory, and then you attempted to resist the operation of the law by force. That, you must know, as a law-abiding citizen, which I take you to be, was wrong. The sheriff was simply performing his duty, and you were violating the law in resisting him."

"They have done us a great injustice," said Schlund, interrupting the judge. "We worked hard and saved our money to make a home for ourselves, and now they take it away from us. We don't want to give it up, Judge; it is our home. We haven't a place to lay our heads tonight. They told us we could move the house back, but we can't; there is no room for it. They give us $2,750, and they gave the man across the street $5,000 for property that is no better than ours. They pay $3,500 for property next to ours which is only forty-two feet front.

"I call that highway robbery, Judge!" continued Schlund, becoming excited and raising his voice. "They are a lot of highway robbers. We have eight children, and they dragged us out like dogs. Where are we to go? That is our home, the only home we have got; and, if they tear it down, what are we to do? Where are we to go?"

Justice Potts tried to explain to him that the sheriff was not responsible for what had been done. He was only performing his duty under the law, but Schlund could understand nothing but that a great injustice had been done him.

"You have no right," said Justice Potts, "to resist the sheriff with shotguns."

"But what am I to do?" demanded Schlund. "Am I to stand idly by when they are taking my house, my home, away from me; taking the roof from over my children's heads?"

Justice Potts saw it was no use to argue with the excited man; so he simply said:

"You will have to obey the law, and I will require you to furnish $500 bail for yourself and wife to appear for examination on Saturday morning. Have you a bondsman here?"

August Zeingner, proprietor of the Belvidere Hotel, stepped forward and offered himself as bondsman. Justice Potts warned Schlund and his wife that they must not go back to the house and make any disturbance. Schlund would not promise not to go back. Chief Murphy suggested that perhaps it might be unwise to release him, because, if he went back, there might be more trouble and perhaps murder.

"But where am I to go?" asked Schlund, excitedly. "That is my home; I have no other place to go."

Sheriff Toffey and Judge Potts tried to quiet him. Mr. Zeingner offered to furnish the family with quarters in the Belvidere House until they could secure other accommodations, and Schlund finally consented to stay away from his house.

All this time Mrs. Schlund, who up to the time of reaching the court room was the most aggressive member of the family, was sitting quietly in a chair with her golden-haired boy in her lap. She said nothing, but looked volumes. Occasionally she turned her eyes toward Judge John A. McGrath, counsel to the Board of Freeholders, who was sitting on the other side. Every look she gave him was loaded with anger and bitterness. It had been Judge McGrath's official duty to tender the Schlunds the award for their property and to defend their appeal from the award.

As the case was about closing, Judge McGrath ventured the remark that the Freeholders were not responsible for what had been done. This excited Mrs. Schlund's anger.

"It is all your fault!" she shouted, pointing her finger at Judge McGrath. "You ought to be hanged like Altenberger! It is all your doing, but remember that there is a God above you! He is greater than all judges, and you'll be sorry some day for what you have done!"

The judge tried to explain that he was in no way responsible, but the irate woman would not listen to any explanation. She became hysterical, and was led away by her husband and Mr. Zeingner.

When the Schlunds were released, they returned to their former home. A sign, which had been erected, reading: "Persons are warned not to destroy this property until proper settlement is made," stared them in the face. They stood about the grounds, talking to sympathetic neighbors. Mrs. Schlund did nothing but walk around the dismantled premises, wringing her hands and crying, "We have no home tonight," over and over again. Later they went to the home which had been provided for them by Zeingner.

[New York Sun, October 13.]

Joseph and Barbara Schlund surrendered yesterday, and were permitted to return to the house conditionally. The condition is that they will have the house removed within a few days from the lot, or from that portion of it which is wanted for the boulevard, and which has been condemned. The Schlunds and their eight children spent Thursday night in the Belvidere House. They discussed the situation with friends, and concluded that it would be useless to resist the mandates of the law any longer. They had made a gallant fight for what they considered their rights, but were defeated in the end by the officers of the law.

Mr. and Mrs. Schlund held a conference yesterday morning with Sheriff Toffey. He proposed that they should go back to the house and make arrangements to have it removed as soon as possible. The couple signed a bond to have the house removed in a few days. Thereupon the family moved in, and the deputy sheriffs, who had been guarding the premises, moved out. The workmen, who had already begun their preparations for moving the building, quit work, and the Schlunds will make their own arrangements.

The orchard and flower garden which were prized so highly by the family will be destroyed. The orchard contains eight pear trees, a pear tree having been planted at the birth of each child. The family in general has become more reconciled to the situation, but Mrs. Schlund, who was head and front in the defence of her home, still grieves deeply.

[Such horrors as this, too common already, would become more so were the relations of the State to the possessors of the land made more intimate than at present. Under the Single Tax evictions would be every-day occurrences. Laborers who had spent years in building themselves homes would be summarily pitched out of them by the Community as soon as the Community had kindly made these homes too valuable for these laborers to live in.]

PROFANITY Á PRIX FIXE.

[New York Sun.]

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 8. — A lively special meeting of the Police Committee of the Braddock Council was held today to take action on the complaint made by Prof. Samuel Hamilton, superintendent of the county schools, that profanity was too common on the streets, and that the police took no notice of it. The committee instructed the police officials to make arrests under the law imposing a fine of sixty-seven and a quarter cents and costs for each profane word. The police will begin making arrests at once.

WHO WILL SENTENCE THE JUDGE?

[New York Sun.]

Samuel Hess, who was sentenced to the Kings County penitentiary recently by Police Justice Goetting, of Brooklyn, for two years and also fined $730 for stealing $8, was released yesterday by Justice Cullen of the supreme court. The justice violated the law of 1894 in imposing a sentence of more than six months' imprisonment or a fine greater than $50 for one offence. There are several other prisoners in the penitentiary who have been thus illegally sentenced. They will probably also be released.

[If ignorance of the law is no excuse for the robber, still less should it be an excuse for the judge. "Put Goetting in Hess's cell," says our visitor from the planet Mars.]

The Experience of a Stranger.

[New York Sun.]

He dropped one day in a parachute from the far-off height of Mars,
And swept through space in an earthward course away from the blinking stars;
For days and weeks and months and years he held to his mundane way,
And at last brought up with scarcely a jerk in the middle of the U. S. A.

A handy chap was this martial man, and of many trade a jack:
"They do things queerly," he said, "down here, but I guess I'll catch the knack."
He shouldered his kit and off he trudged, a-looking for work to do;
"When I'm on to their curves," he said, "I think I'll show them a wrinkle or two."

But they hooted him off from the labor marts with many a jeer and jab;
"You can't work here," cried the foremen stern, "you are only a tramping scab."
There were no trades unions on Mars, you know, and he hadn't a member's card,
So he pawned his kit and walked and walked, and soon ned that his luck was hard.

"I'll off to the woods and fields," said he, and he tramped over hill and lea,
But a trespass notice was posted up, and he rode in the black Maria.
Likewise he fished in the season close, and a game warden spied his ways;
He haled him up to a magistrate, and the fisher got sixty days.

Once out of jail this man from Mars went hungry from door to door;
"I've nothing for you," each man of them said, "you're one of the begging poor."
But the man couldn't work, and he could not live as nature would have him do,
For claims were jumped, the streams were fenced, and nature disowned him, too.

What wonder, then, that this man from Mars should awfully wretched be?
He couldn't fly back, and one sad day he attempted *felo de se*.
The poison was mild, they pumped him out, and now, rely upon me:
They've sent that man from the hospital to the Penitentiary-ree.

Hollis W. Field.

Too Honest for Jury Duty.

[The Cincinnatian.]

To the Editor of the Cincinnatian:

As the five English dailies of this city have attempted to describe my conduct recently in our Probate Court, and most of them, in their eagerness to make a sensation, have been abusive and grossly untrue, I have thought that a calm and exact account of the affair might interest your readers.

On Sept. 27 I requested the court to excuse me from jury service, stating a scruple which forbade my rendering it: but was told that my scruple was not a valid ground for excuse. I then said I would not serve, and that my refusal was "final." The judge was unmoved, and held me for jury service. On the 28th I made no request, having no legal ground for excuse, and never imagining it would be granted without one. At the proper time I rose, and said that, with the permission of the court, I would read a statement. Judge Ferris asked if I had legal grounds for excuse. I replied that I had not. He then gave me permission to read, which I did as follows:

"Yesterday you told me that my scruple against jury service was not a legal ground for excuse. I asked you what were legal grounds, and you replied that it was not your business to furnish me with legal grounds for escaping jury service. My question was prompted by a desire to avoid, if possible, a collision with the State by furnishing you with a reason which would enable you to excuse me. An attorney has informed me that I can be excused, to save me from personal inconvenience or financial damage, but not on account of scruples. Law, it seems, defers to dollars, but not to consciences.

"My position as to jury service is unchanged. It is perfectly convenient for me to serve on this jury, and I shall sustain no financial loss worth mentioning by so doing. I refuse, however, for various ethical reasons. I have no desire to make a pharisaical fuss; but, if permitted, will state two of them.

"In the first place, as a juror, I should be under obligation to decide according to the statutes involved. Laws, however, are mere inventions of men, largely for the regulation of selfishness. At their best, they are the work of fallible men: at their worst, they are the work of knaves; and they are often unjust, oppressive, and cruel. If pledged as a juror to their administration, right or wrong, I might be under the necessity of breaking my promise, or becoming a tool of iniquity. I deny the right of the State to force me into such a dilemma.

"In the second place, the State is a thing of violence. On violence it is based; by violence it is maintained. It declaims against robbery and murder; and then it robs and murders, itself. But it says its deeds are holy, because they are the will of a people, as if it were not as wrong for fifty millions of people to commit a murder as for one of them. The State asserts that violence is to be subdued by violence, evil by evil. I, on the contrary, declare that good should be rendered for evil, that only love can conquer hate, and that the supreme duty of man in his social relations is love. I hold with Jesus, Epictetus, and Tolstoi that evil should never be met by evil, and that it is infinitely nobler to conquer by kindness than by personal prowess. I, therefore, refuse to share in the administration of the violence of law

"I will remark, in closing, that the callousness of the State to the rights of the conscience of the individual is worthy of the departed days when it was the devilish tool of religious bigotry."

The statement contained all that I cared to say, and it was read without interruption. After I had taken my seat, Judge Ferris turned to the attorneys in the case and asked their pleasure. They promptly agreed that I ought to be excused; and the judge then informed me that I was excused, adding that he was not there to discuss ethics, but my statement deserved "rebuke," was "fallacious," etc. Several newspapers say that he excused me upon the ground of unfitness for jury service. It is due the court to state that the ground of excuse was the consent of both sides. By not excusing me the first day, the court forced me into conflict with the State. I could not give a legal excuse without lying, and had to choose between cowardly submission and defiance.

It is noteworthy that I, a freethinker, for standing upon principles proclaimed by Jesus, have been rebuked by a Christian judge, and the press of a Christian community has shouted, Amen!

S. H. RANDALL.

In Defence of Anarchy.

[Wordsworth Donisthorpe in the New Review.]

Advocacy of the doctrine of Anarchy in no way involves the defence of assassination or undue violence. Extremists and fanatics adopt extreme methods, no matter what social or religious systems they seek to uphold and enforce.

Nevertheless, such is the prevailing ignorance and misconception that it may be well presently to examine and explain the attitude of what is called (or rather miscalled) the "party of action" in the Individualist or Anarchist camp.

In this theory of social organization there is nothing peculiarly offensive. Indeed, Anarchists are of all men the least aggressive. Their whole political philosophy may be summed up in the words "Let be." They hold that every man has a right to do whatever he chooses, so long as he does not thereby violate the equal right of his fellows. This is the creed of liberty. It is a creed which no civilized community can suppress, and which even Republican France cannot hope successfully to resist for very long. The government may pass a tyrannical anti-Anarchist law, may establish secret tribunals, may suppress evidence and the prisoner's own defence, may appoint so-called judges, who are not ashamed to condemn the accused before trial, may create new offences punishable with years of solitary confinement or transportation — all these things the French government can do and has done, but it will never stamp out the religion of freedom.

At the same time, those individualists who have most attentively studied the question are the first to admit that the establishment of a *régime* of liberty is fraught with many and real difficulties, quite apart from the ignorant and selfish opposition of those who, distrusting their own powers of self-help, see their interest in exploiting their neighbors.

First of all, it is difficult to ascertain where indirect aggression ends and direct aggression begins. You may not knock your neighbor down and rifle his pockets; but may you accept his money for a pinchbeck watch, he believing it to be a gold watch? True, he tenders his money voluntarily on your assurance as to its quality. Is this direct aggression? Is it an invasion of his liberty? Again, you may not set fire to his house; but may you sit next to him in a railway carriage, well knowing that you are infectious and still peeling after scarlet fever? May you set a spring gun in your own woods, by which only trespassers can be hurt? May you even sell an article for more than it is worth to one who is reasonably ignorant of its true value, as certain merchants on the Gold Coast sell colored glass beads to the natives as jewels? May you run away with another man's wife with her consent? or preach immoral or untrue doctrines in public to the possible injury of your neighbor's children? And if not, who is to be the judge of the truth or morality of your teachings? All these are difficult questions, and they are not fairly met by an appeal to the principle of liberty.

Anarchists maintain, and rightly maintain, that all such difficulties can be surmounted without interfering with the equal freedom of all. But some of them, both moderate individualists and extreme Anarchists, shirk the task of pointing out *how* this is to be done.

Then there is another large class of social functions — functions which must be performed somehow and by someone, but concerning which it is hard to say to whom they belong. To take an example: It is well that fires should be extinguished. There are two modes in which this can be accomplished. All the dwellers in a town may be taxed, and fire engines maintained, and a fire brigade established and supported by the local authority; or the matter may be left to private enterprise. In such case fire-insurance companies will be formed, and it will be to the interest of these companies to do all they can to extinguish fires. At first they may attempt to distinguish between houses which are insured in their own offices and those which are not, and to leave the latter to their fate. But the difficulty of inquiring and discriminating in a hurry, and on the spur of the moment, will soon become apparent. Houses will be burnt down and heavy liabilities incurred while the necessary inquiries are being made. Hence the offices will coalesce and jointly establish fire stations all over the town for the purpose of extinguishing fires indiscriminately, and without regard to the special claims of the owners of the property. Both methods have been tried in this town, and the present system is a jumble of the two. It is true that, under the system of private enterprise, some persons receive benefits for which they have not paid. Yet, in spite of this drawback, Anarchists maintain that it works better on the whole than a municipal fire brigade. State departments are less efficient and more expensive, and in the end (having regard to the incidence of taxation) less just.

And who is to pay, ask the State Socialists, for the paving, and lighting, and cleansing of the streets? Who will contribute without compulsion? Every block of houses will require its own philanthropist. Is any man with a half-acre field to be allowed to start a private cemetery of his own, and to charge what he likes for the graves, irrespective of the wishes of his neighbors? What satisfaction is it to them to be told that they are at liberty to start rival cemeteries? Again, who is going to support the police? Is every household to provide its own policeman? Here again the Anarchist's answer is not so bizarre as his interlocutor would expect. The protection, he says, of the person against assault and murder, and the protection of private property against robbery, are in no way more complicated than the protection of houses and their contents against fire. If this can be effected by private enterprise, why not that? It is not necessary for each householder to employ a private fire brigade and to buy a private fire engine; why should we as-

sume that it would be necessary for him to employ a private policeman? What would happen in the absence of a State government is this: The cost of a good establishment of watchmen and police would be ascertained. Persons wishing to insure themselves or their families against assault, battery, and murder, would pay the required premium, and would receive the compensation agreed upon in case of injury. Moreover, it would be the interest of the voluntary associations to do in addition precisely what the State does now by way of prevention. This, like the cost of fire engines, etc., would be calculated in the premium; and in all probability the private companies would be more efficient and less costly than the State.

The same considerations apply *mutatis mutandis* to the fulfilment of contracts. At the present day offices are offering to insure us against accidents, and burglary, and window-breaking, and if there were no State police it would be the wisest course for these assaults offices, burglary offices, etc., to employ night watchmen and other police officers.

After all, there is nothing particularly idiotic in this view of social organization on a voluntary basis. Perhaps the chief objection to it is that in benefiting yourself you may accidentally benefit someone else; and this, in the present state of Christian fraternity, is a consummation to be carefully shunned. The owner of a beautiful park should always build a high wall round it lest passers-by, who pay nothing towards keeping it up, should derive pleasure from a lovely landscape. A Westmoreland farmer should never put stepping-stones across a stream for his daily convenience, because others might use them without paying toll.

Seriously, although the abolition of a compulsory State would give freer scope to public-spirited citizens, it would at the same time breed a class of social spongers who would shirk their own fair share of public burdens and take full advantage of their generous neighbors. This is admitted. But it is the *only* set-off against the many crying evils and abominations of compulsory taxation.

It is the fashion to divide Anarchists into several classes, with distinctive names, according as they believe, or profess to believe, in this, that, or the other. For none of these classifications is there any justification whatever. Mr. Morrison Davidson distinguishes between materialist and spiritual Anarchists, as though it mattered two straws what a man's religious opinions may be, so far as his political action is concerned. Mr. Brailsford Bright sees an essential difference between "black" Anarchists, or the "party of action," and "arm-chair" Anarchists, or the "party of —— what shall we call it?" And Mr. Auberon Herbert recognizes two distinct kinds — the Individualist Anarchist and the Communist Anarchist. With the latter, he says, he has not the slightest sympathy, but with the former he has much sympathy, although he differs from them, because he believes in "the rightful existence and necessity of a State." We all know what a State is; and it is well to have this confession of faith on record. We cannot be continually dragging private definitions into the argument. If Smith means blue when he says red, and if Jones means gravitation when he says God, we must consider what he says and decline to inquire what he means.

No Anarchist believes in the Ishmaelitic anarchy of the tiger. He knows as well as the most confirmed Socialist that man is a gregarious animal, and that individual welfare is bound up with the welfare of the group. The so-called Communist-Anarchist is quite as staunch an upholder of property as any member of the Liberty and Property Defence League. The only difference between them is that the Anarchist knows that true and just proprietary rights will be respected and *can be enforced* without the assistance of State laws and State police.

To describe a Communist Anarchist as one who thinks it right to walk up to a man in the street and take away his hat and umbrella is, of course, an unpardonable defamatory caricature of Anarchism. If, as self-styled "moderate" individualists admit, just relations between employers and employed can be maintained without the intervention of the State; if drunkenness may be safely left to cure itself without State aid; if ships and mines and railways may be entrusted to the safe keeping of their owners, without risk to those who use them, without shipping acts and mines regulation acts and railway legislation; if cattle disease may be trusted to stamp itself out without the inspector's thoughtful care; if polluted rivers may be left to run pure of their own accord, without a cartload of statutes, — if these and a thousand other matters can wisely be left to the tender mercies of private enterprise, what, in the name of sweet reason, is there in the nature of property to require the underpinning of the great Panjandrum? Cannot sensible citizens be allowed to make and to abide by their own property laws or proprietary arrangements with the same perfect confidence of eventual success and general satisfaction that individualists exhibit when entrusting all else in the same hands?

It is permissible to doubt whether the property laws of a voluntary social organization would be altogether on all fours with the property laws enacted by a dominant aristocracy. Probably there would be differences: possibly not great differences. The land laws would vary considerably; but the rules made by a free people dealing with ordinary chattels (personalty) would in all probability be very much what they now are in England. Of one thing we may be certain: If they were not precisely what they are, then, to the extent that they differed, they would be better — not at first, perhaps, but in the long run.

On the whole there does not seem to be any sound reason for drawing the line at property law. It is painful to see a good Anarchist suddenly turning Socialist at this particular point in the journey. If there actually existed a sect of Anarchists or Socialists or lunatics who refused to respect the property laws evolved from the mutual convenience of fellow citizens, working freely together for the common good, there might be some reason for locking them up.

But a mere arbitrary classification of Anarchists into Individualist and Communist, based on the fact that some are more consistent, logical, and thorough than others, in no way seems to justify Mr. Herbert in charging them with preaching arrant nonsense, and then withholding his sympathy. The notion is based on an incorrect reading of a passage in Proudhon's "System of Economic Contradictions," and Mr. Herbert might fairly be challenged to point out a single living Anarchist who denounces property as theft.

But society based wholly on voluntary coöperation is utopian. Yes, at the present day it is probably unattainable. But then, what form of political organization is not utopian at one stage of social evolution or another? Because democracy based on universal suffrage would be altogether unsuitable to Zulus or Maoris, is it therefore eternally ridiculous? This reflection brings us to the distinction (clear enough, though unrecognized) between extreme Anarchists and moderate or opportunist individualists. The latter, while entirely sharing Anarchic theories, are not prepared to admit that this nation, or any other nation, is yet quite ripe for the establishment of a purely voluntary social organization. Surely, in spite of Mr. Auberon Herbert's disclaimer, it is misleading to describe such an organization as a State. Be this as it may, a man may be a good Anarchist and yet admit the need for a certain amount of State interference in the present phase of social development; just as he may be a sound republican without desiring to depose the Sultan or the Mikado — nay, without holding that the time is yet ripe for a Russian or German republic. There are well-known republicans in this country who would not raise a finger to overthrow the monarchy in England.

Individualists recognize the fact that society is a growing organism. They would no more dream of thrusting highly-developed institutions prematurely upon a people than they would present an urchin of six summers with a six-shooter. The extreme Anarchist is usually more sanguine and less patient — perhaps he is more generous. He feels within himself that he is capable of higher things, fit for a nobler form of social arrangement, and he gives his fellow-citizens credit for equally elevated sentiments. The question which troubles him is *not* how far are we ripe for the higher social life, but how is the new *régime* to be brought about? By persuasion or by force? Now let us ask ourselves, in all sincerity, what is the answer to this question which is taught him by those in authority? Can any sane person deny that the answer is writ large in all the laws of his own country; in the constitutions of all countries known to him; in the international dealings of all peoples, great and small? Nay, more, "all nature cries aloud through all her works," Force, brute force. If France and Prussia differ as to which of two bipeds should sit on the Spanish throne, do they appeal to some international tribunal of justice? No: to the arbitrament of the sword. If Caserio preaches peace to the Italian soldiery, do the authorities come to him and say: "Santo, my boy, the time is not yet ripe for that excellent doctrine. 'Lay down your arms' is a noble cry, but not yet. Listen to us. With the Prince of Peace we cry, 'Mine hour is not yet come'"? Not a bit of it. They make use of another argument — the prison bars. And during the whole dull period of incarceration those silent bars are preaching to him, more eloquently than human tongue, "Force, Santo, force is the only remedy: force it is which rules the world." Can we wonder at the sequel?

One word in conclusion as to the right and wrong of resistance to authority. The question is in no way bound up with Anarchy, but it is commonly supposed to be. And, whether or no, it is a subject well worthy of more honest consideration than it receives. It is wicked to break the laws, we are told: it is very wrong to disobey the authorities. Why, what drivelling impertinence is this! Your very House of Commons was born in sedition. De Montfort was a rebel, a traitor. Your glorious Magna Charta was illegally forced from the supreme authority. What of John Hampden, who dared to refuse the ship-money demanded by God's Anointed? What of the *Mayflower*? Even New England cannot boast of a more law-abiding parentage than the old country. The Pilgrim Fathers were law-breakers and sedition-mongers; ay, these men of whom it is written: "God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting." If brave men had not resisted authority even to the blazing faggots, the black pall of superstition would still lie on the face of this land as it lies on the face of Spain.

It is not so very long since that arch-rebel, John Brown, resisted the slave laws of the free republic, and still "his soul goes marching along."

"Oh, yes," you reply; "but moderate your resistance; or, at least, resist the laws which *we* do not approve. Strike at authority which is hateful to *us*." A score of years ago someone killed the Czar of Russia, and the best of English poets now living wrote a pæan of triumph. When Jael, by an act of despicable treachery, assassinated Sisera, her father's friend and ally, she was blessed; and once a year Churchmen gather together to listen to her praise: "Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent." Here are the words of our great Tory historian, referring to Charlotte Corday: "There is nothing grand, generous, or pathetic in human character which the poets had prefigured that the French Revolution has not realized." And the whole story of the assassination of Marat is related in language befitting the blessed tragedy of Judith and Holofernes. And yet there is a marvellous similarity between the murders of Marat and of Carnot. Both the avengers acted spontaneously; both hurried on their own conviction.

"These formalities are unnecessary; I killed Marat," said Charlotte Corday.

"Who are your associates?"

"I have none; I alone conceived the idea."

Again she wrote to her father: "Farewell, my beloved father; forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate; it has sprung from a noble cause. Never forget the words of Corneille: 'The crime, and not the scaffold, makes the shame.'"

Both alike declined the good offices of the curé.

"Thank you for your kindness, but I have no need of your assistance. The blood which I have shed, and that which I am about to offer, are the only sacrifices I can present to the Eternal."

Then, as now, arose the shrieks of authority for vengeance. In the words of Robespierre: "It is not I who cry for vengeance; it is the Republic; it is the people; it is yourselves." Yet one of the Sea-green Incorruptible's friends thought otherwise. Said Vergniaud: "She has destroyed us, but taught us how to die." How many among us today denounce the crime of Charlotte Corday? Those only who would again enthrone the Marats and the Dantons. To what conclusion, then, are we driven by this strange conflict of prejudiced opinions? To repress force by force? To answer the dagger and the bomb with the rope and the guillotine? No; let us rather ponder the advice of a

Russian Anarchist. "Revolutionists are not sneaks and cowards; they are manly, brave, and generous. If propaganda by deed did not involve the risk of their own lives, they would never attempt the life of anyone in power. They kill because they know that they will be killed. Take away the danger, and their courage and generosity will prompt them to abandon the use of force. The *bourgeois* are too frantic and dull to comprehend this truth; they will try everything except this remedy, and will fail miserably." Again, in the words of Mr. Auberon Herbert: "In one way, and only one way, can the dynamiter be permanently disarmed — by abandoning, in almost all directions, our force-machinery, and accustoming the people to believe in the blessed weapons of reason, persuasion, and voluntary service. We have morally made the dynamiter; we must now morally unmake him."

To the Anarchists themselves let us say: "Beware how you conjure up the reactionary panic-fiend. The true propaganda by deed is education; but not education by force."

Misrepresentations of Anarchism.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I cannot feel any interest in the question of "flag or no flag," yet I object to being classed not only among a set of people like the readers and contributors of the "Rache," but also among the adherents of a doctrine which Professor Ely describes thus: "Anarchy is of hell; its slightest touch brings disorder to its advocates and all others. Plague, pestilence, and famine combined are mild evils compared with widespread anarchy." This tirade is printed in the editorial columns of the "Twentieth Century" of September 20, without the least protest from the editor. In the preceding number I read the following in an article bearing the caption, "Was Blackstone a Socialist?" the writer of which says, by way of advocating coöperation, that, were it generally understood and adopted, "the Anarchist would cease to disgrace civilization by his deeds of violence and blood." Now, Mr. Tucker, I do not believe that it is wise to allow such utterances to pass unanswered. Not only the "Twentieth Century" places them repeatedly under the eyes of its readers, but it never attempts to refute them. Mrs. Battelle Dietrick is the only contributor who had the good sense and courage (among a *fatras* of fallacies on woman suffrage) to rebuke "Kate Field's Washington" for its stupid utterances on Anarchy. Could you not follow for once the good example given by a woman suffragist? Do give it hot to the editor or editors of the "Twentieth Century." It seems to me that the duty of every one of us is to fight for the triumph of truth, and the fact is that many a battle will have to be fought before the cause of Anarchy is, I do not say triumphant, but placed fairly and squarely before the tribunal of common sense and justice.

CAROLINE DE MAUPASSANT.

Another New Name.

To the Editor of Liberty:

As the mountain refuses to come to us, I would propose that we go to the mountain.

I have no admiration for a flag which, in the absence of a common herd, would be a nuisance. And yet we should not be so obstinately conservative as to invite persecution for the sake of a name. As evolutionists, there can be no good reason why we should be branded, collectively, with revolutionists.

To avoid such a misfortune, I would suggest that philosophical Anarchists drop their old title and simply call themselves Antiarchists. What are Antiarchists? They are philosophers who believe in and progressively assist the evolution of an improved society based on liberty and equity and excluding majority and minority rules.

I think that with such a name and declaration of principles the ignorant and vicious would give us rest, as they could not possibly mistake and misrepresent our name and aim any longer.

What say the friends of Liberty?

Truly yours, JAMES THIERRY.

David Bennett Hill — congratulations!
You are in the swim to win, I pray.
If you're wishing you may get your expectations,
For the devil (like the dog) should have his day.

F.

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